If *Biondello* thou wert come ashore,
We could at once put vs in readinesse,
And take a Lodging fit to entertaine
Such friendes (as time) in *Padua* shall beget.
But stay a while, what companie is this?
Tra. Master some shew to welcome vs to Towne.

Enter Baptista with and his two daughters, Katerina Bianca, Gremio a Pantelowne, Hortentio sister to Bianca. Lucen Tranio, stand by.

Bap. Gentlemen importune me no farther,
For how I firmly am resolu'd you know:
That is, not to bestow my yongest daughter,
Before I haue a husband for the elder:
If either of you both loue *Katherina*,
Because I know you well, and loue you well,
Leaue shall you haue to court her at your pleasure.
Gre. To cart her rather. She's to rough for mee,
There, there *Hortensio*, will you any Wife?
Kate. I pray you sir, is it your will
To make a stale of me amongst these mates?
Hor. Mates maid, how meane you that?
No mates for you,
Vnlesse you were of Gentler milder mould.
Kate. I faith sir, you shall neuer neede to feare,
I-wis it is not halfe way to her heart:
But if it were, doubt not, her care should be,
To combe your noddle with a three-legg'd stoole,
And paint your face, and vse you like a foole.
Hor. From all such diuels, good Lord deliuer vs.
Gre. And me too, good Lord.
Tra. Husht master, heres some good pastime toward;
That wench is starke mad, or wonderfull froward.
Lucen. But in the others silence do I see,
Maids milde behauiour and sobrietie.
Peace *Tranio*.
Tra. Well said Mr, mum, and gaze your fill.
Bap, Gentlemen, that I may soone make good

What

What I haue said *Bianca* get you in,
And let it not displease thee good *Bianca*,
For I will loue thee nere the lesse my girle.
Kate A pretty peate, it is best put finger in the eye, and she knew why.
Bian. Sister content you in my discontent.
Sir, to your pleasure humbly I subscribe:
My bookes and instruments shall be my companie,
On them to looke, and practise by my selfe.
Luc. Harke *Tranio*, thou maist heare *Minerua* speak.
Hor. Signior *Baptista*, will you be so strange,
Sorrie am I that our good will effects
Bianca's greefe.
Gre. Why will you mew her vp
(Signior *Baptista*) for this fiend of hell,
And make her beare the pennance of her tongue.
Bap. Gentlemen content ye: I am resolud:
Go in *Bianca*.
And for I know she taketh most delight
In Musicke, Instruments, and Poetry,
Schoolemasters will I keepe within my house,
Fit to instruct her youth. If you *Hortensio*,
Or signior *Gremio* you know any such,
Preferre them hither: for to cunning men,
I will be very kind and liberall,
To mine owne children, in good bringing vp,
And so farewell: *Katherina* you may stay,
For I haue more to commune with *Bianca*. *Exit.*
Kate. Why and I trust I may go too, may I not?
What shall I be appointed houres, as though
(Belike) I knew not what to take,
And what to leaue? Ha. *Exit*
Gre. You may go to the diuels dam: your gifts are so good heere's none will holde you: There loue is not so great *Hortensio*, but we may blow our nailes together, and fast it fairely out. Our cakes dough on both sides. Farewell: yet for the loue I beare my sweete *Bianca*, if I can by any meanes light on a fitt man to teach her that wherein shee delights, I will wish him to her father.

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